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The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts

Entered as second-class matter, June 29, 1917, at the Post Office at Norwood, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879
Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized, July 13, 1919

Boston Office, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Vol. 76

May, 1943

No. 5

FROM THE PRESIDENT'S DESK

A HUMANE EDUCATION worker says that upon visiting a certain school she had, "a warm welcome," and a "still warmer send off." Could it be that the children were gladder to see her go than have her come?

SIR ROBERT GOWER, Chairman of the Royal S. P. C. A., reports, after visiting one of the English War Dogs Training Schools, that he was much impressed by the happy spirit that prevailed. He came away convinced that these dogs are in good hands and enjoying life.

Youth and Sacrifice

IT is not given to man to understand why in war some men are chosen for sacrifice and others are to survive. Every day during this horrible world conflict, young men are dying at the battlefronts—sacrificed in order that the rest of us and the world of the future may enjoy freedom and peace. For a long time to come, however, broken homes, ruined cities and villages will bear mute evidence of man's cruelty to man, and plainly show how thin the veneer of so-called civilization really is.

Are we going to be worthy of all this sacrifice? Are we going to make a peace that will really be a lasting one? Let us hope so. The cities and villages can be rebuilt, and time fortunately heals many wounds—but we can never bring back the young man who stopped a sniper's bullet on Guadalcanal. He must not have died in vain, but his spirit must re-live in the new society of human relationship his sacrifice brought into existence.

"War and the Animals"

UNDER this heading, the magazine of the Royal S. P. C. A. of London, with rare sympathy and appealing words, says:

"Let us not think, however, that man's wars no longer hurt and outrage the lower creation. When we hear that bombs dropped in open fields 'did no damage and caused no casualties' it is never true. The nests of birds, the burrows of shy four-footed creatures, which are as much their homes as houses and cottages are ours, may have been wrecked, with loss of innocent life or with injuries to wing or limb about which no first-aid ambulance knows.

"The smallest incendiary bomb can damage utterly the exquisite balance of animal and vegetable life which exists in almost every square yard of earth. Up in the sky, only Heaven knows how many blithe and lovely birds have been smashed to death by aircraft tearing along at ten thousand yards a minute. As for the sea, if we could peer down into the churning waters after the explosion of a depth-charge, we should behold a dreadful sight. The 'cool, sweet silver life' of such fish as came to St. Anthony's call is too often ended by man's noisome chemicals. While German shells were falling around our ships off Dieppe, thousands of bruised and dead mackerel came to the surface of the sea."

THE value to the world of that supreme virtue, kindness, will be more clearly recognized, we believe, after this appalling war, than ever before.

Are You a Hunter?

PROBABLY not or you would not be reading this magazine. Still, there are hunters who mean to be humane, who do not kill always just for sport and who do not want to see exterminated any of our beautiful and greatly-admired wild life.

From the President's Page of the Bulletin of the Massachusetts Audubon Society, we learn, to our sorrow, that the Fish and Wildlife Service for the first time in a generation has made it possible to shoot the Wood Duck in New England.

It seems that there are bills at present before the Massachusetts Committee on Conservation to permit men in uniform and those receiving old-age assistance to shoot without a license and even to permit shooting on Sundays, next fall, of those birds which may be permitted to be shot. Furthermore, we learn that "our beautiful Wood Duck is now marked for slaughter in the United States, although still under protection in Canada, and the white-winged dove of our Southwest, growing scarcer every year, must continue to be gun fodder. Also, our wider ranging mourning dove, admitted by the highest authorities to be seriously threatened, is still on the game list in the South."

If a thing of beauty is a joy forever and permission is to be continued to wanton sportsmen to destroy these beautiful creatures that have cheered and gladdened us for generations, these creatures of beauty will no longer be left to add to our joy.

No Pets Allowed

Myrtle Blessing

*I wanted to move to a brand new house,
And an agent took me down
Where a new addition was being built,
In an exclusive part of the town.*

*And the houses were all that my heart
desired,
And the streets were wide and proud—
But across the door of each shining house
Was a sign—"No pets allowed."*

*I returned to my home in the early dusk,
And my dog rushed out to greet
Me with joyful barks, and my little gray cat
Rubbed purring against my feet.*

*And I patted the dog and cuddled the cat,
And knew that their love meant more
To me than a new and shining house
With a "No Pets" sign on the door.*

He Found a Friend

AS I opened the door of my car a few days ago," relates Burlingham Schurr, naturalist, "a little shaggy dog, a cute fellow, and as bright and knowing as any canine his size could be, jumped into the car seemingly from nowhere and proceeded to bark and wag his tail in a manner pronouncedly evident he was ready and eager to take a pleasure drive, regardless of any ban on such driving. I stroked his head and petted him,—a most natural thing for one to do in acknowledging such overtures of friendship from a little dog. After our exchange of greetings I endeavored to coax the little fellow out of the car, but this he had no notion of doing and by voice and tail he made it quite evident he was more willing to remain where he was. A man came along at the moment and informed me that the dog had no home, and this he was certain of because he was a neighbor of the person who formerly had the dog and the latter had moved out of the city to take a war job and left the dog because he could not keep it in the home he was going to. No wonder the dog craved friendship! Well, he asked for it, or rather pleaded for kind recognition of his good qualities, and who that understands the language of a dog could disappoint him, particularly on a cold, winter day? It couldn't be helped; we became friends right there, and he and I went home together.

"Fool that I may appear to some,—believing I know the language a dog speaks, I listened that night to my new found friend as he whimpered while curled up on a rug with eyes closed, and—yes, I know he was praying to the Giver of Life to protect all unfortunate animals in these war-crazed times, and to guide such by one means or another to places of refuge."



BARBARA WINS HER PET

"Vigo" Brings Happiness to Barbara Ann

Barbara Ann Headford had asked for a pet and was sorely disappointed when she did not receive one. Her father told her of some puppies which had been born at the plant where he was employed. She wanted one very much, but because the puppies had been born on government property there was much red tape to untangle. Barbara Ann wrote to President Roosevelt explaining her problem and was delighted when she received word that a puppy would be sent to her.

In Defense of Man's Best Friend

T. J. MCINERNEY

IT seems almost incredible in this enlightened day and age to find that there are still people in America who make written and verbal attacks upon those creatures who are not empowered by nature to defend themselves. It is up to the friends of these lonely creatures to be ever on the alert to defend them against unjustified criticism and attack. Recently the dogs of this country were subjected to unfair treatment by a Mrs. Walter Ferguson, a writer for the Scripps-Howard newspapers.

The writer in question has "lauded" the efforts of a man named Miles L. Glazner, of Birmingham, Alabama, who is conducting what is described as "a one-man battle against providing useless dogs with food which working and fight-

ing people need." She paints a doleful picture of the war lasting for five years, resulting in a food shortage "in which Fido will probably go back to consuming scraps." In addition to being a pessimist of the first rank, Mrs. Ferguson is completely unaware, apparently, of the assurances of our Government authorities that the people of this country may have to forego certain foods, but will not have to go through food shortages as drastic as the one she predicts.

Mrs. Ferguson writes that she has been reminded that dogs are in the army now and grudgingly admits that "maybe a few of them can give valuable aid, although it seems to me the time spent training them could be used in instructing young men with better results." This opinion is, of course, at variance with that of military experts. She concludes

her essay with this statement: "... on the subject of dogs the average American is a drooling sentimentalist and simply cannot think straight."

Mrs. Ferguson has never owned a dog, apparently, or she wouldn't make such glaring misstatements as appear in her article. I have owned dogs all my life and have never had to feed them other than dog foods purchased in large quantities at relatively small cost. The manufacturers of these foods are helping the war effort today by eliminating canned food for dogs and substituting therefore specially prepared food which is packed in boxes. It is, of course, a glaring misstatement to assert, as she does, that there are "millions of pampered pets whose owners stuff them with liver and steak and vitamin-filled foods."

Those of us who love dogs, who are familiar with the great work they are doing as members of the armed forces and who know of the countless lives that have been saved by dogs in warning their owners of fire, coal gas fumes and other dangers, and who have been fortunate enough to have known the love and friendship that only a dog is capable of giving know how unjust this type of animal criticism is. We can only hope that such critics will one day see the error of their ways and at the same time redouble our efforts to guard against the spread of such attacks and the dissemination of such inaccurate information.

Kindness to animals is the mark of Civilization. It is an incentive to aid suffering wherever it exists.

Envoys of Peace

Elysabeth M. Cooper

*Across the blue horizon they go winging
These feathered couriers who know no fear,
Sometimes from battlefields a message
bringing*

*From a lone pilot or his bombardier.
Sometimes the way is long but without erring
The homing instinct in a pigeon's breast,
Will never falter as with wings a-whirring
The banded bird flies to his old home nest.
God speed the day when from some
flying-post*

*Erected at the cross-roads of the world,
May come this glad announcement from a
host*

*Of feathered friends, envoys of peace,
dew-pearled,*

*"No longer shall the soil be stained with
blood*

Or flow again this Armageddon flood."

The Domestication of the Dog

ALAN A. BROWN

THE dog's origin is apparently unknown, but it is certain it was domesticated before any other animal, even the ox. Evidence of this goes back to the Neolithic period, indicated by skeletons of dogs found near human habitation sites.

The original motives for the domestication of the dog are puzzling to students of the subject. Undoubtedly, the fondness all of us have for animals led our ancestors to make pets of the puppies of wild dogs.

There is evidence, however, to support the theory that the dog's primary use was as a scavenger. The earliest humans were food gatherers and hunters, just as are the people of a Stone Age culture of today, the Australian aborigines. In every aboriginal camp large numbers of dogs are found, and they are intended solely for the purpose of solving the waste food problem. Perhaps the same reason led to the domestication of dogs elsewhere in the world.

However, once the dog's aptitudes for training and obedience were discovered, its development was rapid. The Romans, with characteristic thoroughness, trained them and classified them—as house dogs, shepherds, working dogs, war dogs, dogs that hunted by scent, and those that worked by sight. Oddly enough, breeding through centuries has produced scores of dogs of new forms and appearances, but types have not been altered. The dark, shaggy Newfoundland, from the Basque Mountains in the Pyrenees, was originally cream-colored, but it hasn't changed in trait or type within the memory of man. As a matter of fact, it is claimed with all seriousness that Noah took a pair of these hounds into the Ark.



DR. ROWLEY PRESENTS CERTIFICATE OF HONORARY MEMBERSHIP TO MISS MILDRED CARLSON, DIRECTOR OF THE WBZ HOME FORUM, IN APPRECIATION OF HER GOOD WILL AND INTEREST IN THE SOCIETY AND ITS WORK

The Cedar Bird

F. J. WORRALL

THE cedar bird, member of the waxwing family, is a handsome creature. Its plumage is a perfect blending of gray tones, the forepart interspersed with pink, and a huge pointed crest of velvety black feathers. The tail is tipped with yellow and the wings are white and yellow. The waxwing derives his name from the secondary feathers which have tips like red sealing wax.

Although the waxwing family includes three species in various parts of the world, the cedar is a native of North America; also kin to the flycatchers in Mexico and Central America. They are not song birds, but their note is soft and musical. They build large nests in the forks of trees, mostly in dense, wooded areas, and have from three to five young. When the fledglings are able to care for themselves, the families join in groups of fifty or sixty birds, flying in formation, and stopping only where insects and fruit are abundant all over the country.

It was the cedar waxwing that raised the ire of the Vermont fruitgrowers, who sought a bill permitting them to shoot these pretty fruit eaters. The bill passed the house but was defeated by the bird-lovers in the senate who, instead of arguing the case, brought in a mounted specimen.

Youth Helps

In Missouri, the Future Farmers of America, with 8,000 members, set out 3,500 trees, sowed 169 miles of fence rows with lespedesa for game cover and feed, built 1,907 bird-houses, and put out nearly two tons of feed for birds, in one year. The 4-H Clubs, which have 20,000 members, built 134 farm ponds, maintained nearly 3,000 food patches for game birds, sowed more than fifteen tons of lespedesa, and set out 43,000 trees.

This is constructive work. Wildlife will return if given a chance, and improving conditions so that they can find cover is a very practical way of helping to preserve our wild animals and birds.

LELIA MUNSELL

A very innocent and obliging curate moved to a Yorkshire parish where many of his parishioners bred horses and sometimes raced them. Shortly after his arrival he was asked to invite the prayers of the congregation for Lady Grey. After the curate had prayed three Sundays for her the church clerk told the good man that he need not do it any more.

"Why?" asked the curate. "Is she dead?"

"No," replied the clerk, "she's won the steeplechase."

—Utah Farmer

The Miniature Kangaroo

BONNIE DEANE VAUGHN

ONE midsummer day out west, a man working in a hayfield turned over a forkful of alfalfa in a windrow. Imagine his surprise when up jumped a plump little mouse-like creature, bobbing and bouncing like the proverbial bug on a hot griddle.

When he succeeded in getting his hands on it, he thought it must be a pocket edition of the wild kangaroo, so much did it resemble that unusual animal.

As a matter of fact, this mouse is sometimes called the kangaroo mouse. But he really belongs to the jumping mouse family, of which there are several species, most of them found in this country. They are related to the jerboas of the old world.

He has various names by which he is known, such as the deer mouse, jumping field mouse, or white-foot the wood mouse. All of these names describe him in a way. His back and tail are fawn color like the deer. He has white feet. His kangaroo characteristics are his long, strong hind legs, nearly two inches in length, which, with his tail, give him extraordinary jumping power. His forelegs, which he uses as paws like a squirrel, are only about half an inch long. His tail is exceedingly long stretching out a full six inches, twice the length of his body. The jumping mouse has pockets but not for carrying the babies as kangaroos do. His are *jaw pockets*—his market baskets when he sallies forth at night in search of grain, berries, or small wood insects.

He stores away food but no one knows when he eats it. For, like the bear or skunk, he hibernates in a dormant state. During nearly half the year he is snugly tucked away somewhere in a hole in the ground, a hollow tree, or perhaps a woodpile. He has even been known to cuddle down in a songbird's abandoned nest. He loves the meadows or thickets along the edge of the woods. Here in May or June the little family of five or six mice are born.

During the summer these odd little jumping mice are often seen in meadows or fields. And in the haying season may be disturbed by the cutting of the hay. When frightened they often make one or two jumps, then remain motionless. They are remarkable jumpers too, often making leaps several times the lengths of their bodies.

They are harmless, inoffensive little fellows and make nice pets for people not afraid of mice. They are clean, gentle, and dainty in their personal habits. They are easily tamed but one should remember never to pick them up by the tail as this frightens them badly. For food, give them seeds and grain.

Canada's Reindeer Flourish

W. J. BANKS



REINDEER IN CORRAL, RICHARD'S ISLAND, NORTHWEST TERRITORY, CANADA

THIS spring's fawning will bring Canada's reindeer population above the 10,000 mark. It is over half a century since Uncle Sam introduced the Santa Claus steeds from Siberia into Alaska. But only eight years ago a bedraggled herd of some 2,400 animals arrived in Canada's Mackenzie delta area after a five-year trek from western Alaska through uncharted mountains and Arctic tundra—regarded by many as the most remarkable herding job in all history.

To herd reindeer in comparatively well-settled western Alaska, where the industry is developed along lines similar to cattle ranching on the open range, is one thing. To tackle the job on lonely, storm-swept Polar shores, where the wolves and wild caribou roam and where the Eskimo are only a generation removed from the Stone Age, is quite a different proposition. Hitherto cautious government authorities have reserved judgment on the outcome of the venture. Now, at last, Ottawa has pronounced it an unqualified success.

The purpose, of course, was to create a reserve of food and other animal products against periodic shortages caused by the diminution of the wild caribou herds and other game, and to increase the economic stability of the Eskimo nomads. This young fawn, however, has a good chance of living to a happy old age, for as yet little slaughtering is done while the herds are being built up. Besides the main government herd, now over 5,000 strong, two herds belonging

to Eskimos trained by Lapp experts are flourishing in more remote areas to the eastward. The tide of migration for the animal folk as well as for the earliest human immigrants to America seems to reverse the usual order and run from west to east in the far north.

Incidentally, one of the pleasant surprises of Canada's reindeer experiment is the facility with which the natives, who a few years ago shot everything which came within rifle range, are taking to their new role of conservationists!

The fawn who keeps close to his mother's flank is a part of the main herd, bunched in corrals on Richard's Island summer range, just off the mainland at the Mackenzie River delta. A reindeer or wild caribou herd looks like an animated forest because of the fact that, unique among the deer people, the cows as well as the bulls boast fine antlers.

Court Rules Dog May Bark

Municipal Judge Adams of Los Angeles, recently ruled that if a person is legally permitted to keep a dog in the district where he resides, he cannot be held guilty of maintaining a nuisance if the animal (or animals) indulge in their "normal function of barking."

The decision was handed down following a suit brought against one of the dog trainers for the movies whose neighbors complained that his several dogs' barking constituted a nuisance.

—Dog News

What is Good?

"What is the real good?"
I asked in musing mood.

Order, said the law court;
Knowledge, said the school;
Truth, said the wise man;
Pleasure, said the fool;
Love, said the maiden;
Beauty, said the page;
Freedom, said the dreamer;
Home, said the sage;
Fame, said the soldier;
Equity, the seer;—

Spoke my heart full sadly,
"The answer is not here."

Then within my bosom
Softly this I heard:
"Each heart holds the secret;
Kindness is the word."

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY



"KORETTE"
ON HER 21ST BIRTHDAY

The Horse in Pasture

There is nothing so refreshing to horses' feet as the damp coolness of grass into which they are turned in May; and nothing so calculated to remove every enlargement and sprain as the gentle exercise which the animal voluntarily takes while his legs are exposed to the cooling process of evaporation, which is taking place from the herbage he treads. The experience of ages has shown that it is superior to all the embrocations and bandages of the skilful veterinarian. It is the renovating process of nature, where the art of man fails.

...

At a meeting of the directors of the Erie County S.P.C.A., Buffalo, New York, seventeen policemen were cited for honorable mention in humane work. Congratulations to the Society on the good work it is doing. During February 2,478 animals were cared for and 56 were placed in homes.

Additional Anniversary Letters

ROYAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS, LONDON

My dear Dr. Rowley:

I have no doubt that animal lovers all the world over will be sending messages of greeting and goodwill to you, as President of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., when that Society celebrates its seventy-fifth anniversary on March 31st, but you will be specially in our thoughts here in London. Our two Societies have been closely linked throughout the years, sharing the same lively interest in a mutual cause, and helping each other to wage new battles in the crusade of mercy in which we are engaged. The history of the R. S. P. C. A. holds many glowing testimonies to the generosity and never failing sympathy of its sister Society in Massachusetts.

Only recently your warm friendliness showed itself in acts of pity for the animal victims of the London Blitz, and many Animal Rescue Centres have been equipped from your gifts. During these trying days it helped us much to know that we were present in your thoughts.

The splendid work you are doing in Massachusetts, through the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital and in a hundred other ways, is an inspiration to us all, and I do most heartily wish you godspeed as you start out upon the seventy-sixth year of the Society's life. May it be a year of rich fulfillment and of many blessings.

With kindest regards,

Yours very sincerely,

Robert Gower
Chairman

Our *Dumb Animals* was given to me regularly long ago when I attended a Sunday School in Boston. I have always been grateful for that early influence.

Alice Park
Palo Alto, California

It is a privilege to extend congratulations to you. . . . Your life is being spent for the joy of little children as well as for the comfort of animals. I count myself fortunate to be able to serve with you.

Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell
Fort Worth, Texas

The Humane Society of Greater Miami wishes to congratulate you on the 75th anniversary of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. We feel that through the years of personal effort and ambition, you have made the institution the finest of its kind in the world. It has been, and will continue to be, a monument and inspiration to us.

Charles Wm. Pusey
Executive Secretary

On this day you will receive congratulations from hundreds of human beings. If by a miracle the hundreds of thousands of dogs that have been relieved of pain and rescued from death could know the meaning of this meeting they would go to Boston in such numbers that traffic would be blocked. They would jam the hall in such numbers that the human beings there could hardly move about.

Rev. R. E. Griffith
Deland, Florida

Under the championship of George Thorndike Angell, and of you, poor creatures have come a long way.

Lucia Fessenden Gilbert
Malone, N. Y.

Nebraska Humane Society sends greetings, congratulations, and best wishes for continued success.

John W. Welch, Executive Secretary
Nebraska Humane Society, Omaha, Nebraska

I want to be among the many friends and workers sending in greetings to the Society from all parts of the world on the Seventy-fifth Anniversary of this great humane organization.

Florida L. Byrne
Tacoma, Washington

The invaluable service rendered throughout the years has earned for the Society, its rightful place as a most worthy contributor to the progress of our beloved country.

Ruth M. Burton
Arlington, Tennessee

To a Beloved Cat

Mrs. Truman Pierson

Loving hands have made for you
A resting place my sweet . . .
Beneath the Golden Glow bush . . .
A quiet, safe retreat.
Oh! How we miss you, "Baby Snooks"!

Our hearts are sad and lonely;
We miss your cunning little ways;
Your silken coat, your amber eyes
Made bright our darkest days.
Oh! How we miss you, "Baby Snooks"!

Sometimes you were jealous of your sister,
You really had good cause,
For Daddy called you "Second Fiddle"
Dear little "Velvet Paws."

Today you sleep beneath the snow
And Mother Earth is cold,
But soon the summer sun all her glories
will unfold,
Sleep on my sweet, beneath the Golden
Glow.

Our Massachusetts S. P. C. A.

Occupied as we are with thoughts of winning the war, we cannot afford to overlook the very institutions for which our men are fighting. The virtues of charity, kindness and mercy, as we know them, perished in Axis lands long ago. They are vitally alive in America today, and among the institutions striving to keep them so is our own Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

This great humane agency is currently observing its 75th anniversary—75 years that have seen it grow from obscurity to the foremost charitable institution of its kind in the country and possibly the world. It operates the Angell Memorial Hospital on Longwood Avenue, largest animal hospital in the world, where close to 1,000,000 animals have been treated since it opened in 1915.

It is next to impossible to discuss the M. S. P. C. A. without referring to its president, Dr. Francis H. Rowley. The community is grateful to him and proud of him. Now the dean of the humane movement in America, he assumed leadership of the society 33 years ago, as successor to the late George Thorndike Angell, and guided it to world preëminence.

What we are trying to say here was probably better said by Calvin Coolidge, when he declared in a White House proclamation: "Whatever the M. S. P. C. A. has done for animals, it has done vastly more for the men, women and children of America in developing a spirit of compassion, justice and love." Congratulations to Dr. Rowley and his society for their labors in the name of humanity.

—*Boston Herald*



MIGHTY BEASTS IN WAR AND PEACE

Carthaginian Tanks

ALDEN MANN

SINCE ancient times elephants have been utilized in the work of man. Very early in the beginning of civilization skilled hunters went into the jungles of Africa to trap these mighty beasts. Specially-made ships were built to transport them to Carthage and to Rome, and much toil and patience were used to train them for work and for war.

History records the unusual and interesting use of elephants by Hannibal when he invaded Italy by way of the icy Alps. A battery of two hundred elephants accompanied this great army of invasion, and it was Hannibal's intention to use them much as our modern army-tanks are used, to crush and terrorize the enemy.

But Hannibal, great warrior that he was, had failed to reckon with one thing—fodder for his living tanks—and when his army had after untold hardships reached the sunny valleys of Italy, only some forty elephants remained alive.

Hannibal used his remaining elephants as an advance unit to frighten the Romans, but they, too, knew something of elephants. They knew that Hannibal's raw jungle beasts had never heard the sound of trumpets, and when they blew these instruments lustily, the advancing elephants broke rank and fled in disorder.

After elephants have been trained and made accustomed to warfare, they are almost fearless, as has been demonstrated many times. In the hunting of lions and leopards they have been used to good advantage, carrying the hunters through the jungles and giving them protection and firing advantage from *howdahs*, or platforms, on their backs. As willing and intelligent workers elephants have proved their usefulness in

India in the teak forests and in the shipyards where they lift the heavy logs and beams at the command of their keepers. Here in the United States they have served both as entertainers and laborers with the great circuses. It is well known that elephants become greatly attached to their keepers.

Deaf Dogs

DEAFNESS, contrary to popular belief, is not uncommon in dogs, although few deaf dogs are *stone* deaf, and this may account for the fact that so often a dog's owner will never realize that the dog is not pig-headed as he supposed, but simply "hard of hearing."

Once you have established the fact that your dog is really deaf, it is quite easy to teach him to be perfectly obedient by the use of simple signs. Indeed, deaf dogs are usually so very anxious to do what is asked of them, and so terrified of being lost or deserted, that they often prove to be apter and more teachable pupils than many who are possessed of all their faculties. —*R.S.P.C.A. Journal*

Wanted: Old Blankets

SICK animals, like sick humans, require comfort while recuperating from serious illness, and our Angell Memorial Animal Hospital has always provided blankets for all the animal patients in need of this extra service.

Of late, however, the blanket remnants we have been using are no longer obtainable, and we sincerely hope our readers and friends will be kind enough to send us any old blankets they may no longer need, for use in our Hospital cages. Bundles should be mailed to the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Massachusetts. All gifts will be gratefully acknowledged.

Feasting

Leslie Clare Manchester

"Dere's a rustle in de branches
Ob de tall persimmon tree;
Something climbing, something clinging
An' a-looking down at me.
It's a 'possum full an' fluffy
In a coat ob gray an' white;
It's a 'possum—eyes like lanterns—
Up dere in de quiet night.

"Such a feast ob wild persimmons,
Fragrant sweet an' drenched wid dew
In a banquet-hall ob heaven
Domed an' tapestried wid blue;
Such a feast for Mister 'Possum
Wid its viands an' its wine.
He's a guest in leafy spaces
Where de stars like candles shine.

"He has left de rocky crannies
An' de hollows in de hills;
Left de sumac thickets turning
Scarlet by de dancing rills.
He has had an ole-time yearning
When de autumn's touch is cold,
For persimmon apples purple
In a foliage ob gold."

Formulae for Horses

ETTA W. SCHLICHTER

WE hear so much of calories and vitamins for people that it is interesting to note what our new Coast Guard Mounted Patrol is doing to keep the horses in fine condition.

Fancy going into a stable and seeing a slate over each stall on which is inscribed the special "formula" for the occupant of that particular cubicle.

A sample formula is furnished us as follows:

"Breakfast. Lunch. Supper.

"Oats	3	3	3
Corn	1	1	
Bran	1/2		1/2
Hay A	5		
Hay T		9	

Which, being interpreted, means that the horse for which this particular slate is marked is to have the following diet. Three pounds of oats at each meal; one pound of corn morning and noon; one-half pound bran breakfast and supper; five pounds alfalfa for lunch and nine pounds of hay at night.

Each owner must watch to see that his horse's diet agrees with it. In case it does not, something must be rubbed off the slate and a substitute put down until the formula is found that will keep the animal in perfect condition.

The Coast Guardsmen for mounted duty are being trained in all-round horsemanship and are learning to handle their horses in the old-time cavalry style—as carefully as mothers do their babies. They are even learning the important art of horse-shoeing.



AMERICAN PRONG-HORNED ANTELOPE

The Sturdy Ozark Mule

ALFRED O. PHILIPP

SOME day (better late than never) I hope the state of Arkansas will acknowledge its debt by erecting a beautiful statue as a tribute of gratitude to the humble Ozark mule.

The traditional beauty and lure of the Ozark region is an undoubted reality, but the most lavish encomiums are generally heaped upon it by people who don't live there. These voluntary press agents are often northern urbanites whose experience does not extend to the soil. But the Ozark hill farmer knows what it means to drag a plow through rocks, sand, and shale; to eke out a subnormal existence from a soil that ranks low in productiveness. And he knows the region could not have been settled and farmed without the aid of the patient mule.

In these eternal green hills tractor farming is practically unknown, the orthodox work-horse is an exception, but the sturdy and reliable Ozark mule makes farm life possible. He is usually smaller in stature than the famous Missouri "army mule," and his disposition is more amiable. Throughout much of the year he forages on the free range, maintaining his health and strength, and living to a ripe old age, on a diet of acorns and scrubby vegetation. Only the goat surpasses him in this respect.

But, despite the proverbial poverty of the hill farmer, the Ozark mule is not a cheap animal. A pair of young mules cannot be bought here for less than a hundred dollars, and to save such a

mules will be fully established as family pets within a year.

There is scant literature in praise of the indispensable Ozark mule. But perhaps it doesn't matter, for the typical native "hain't much on book larnin' no-how." Which is, of course, regrettable. But our regret is happily tempered in the knowledge that he is kind to his mules.

Bangor, Maine

A report from the active and very efficient Bangor Humane Society, covering its activities for the past year, merits the congratulations of all interested in humane work, not only in its work at its shelter and in its investigation of complaints, but its activities in the line of Humane Education are noteworthy.

Books of defense stamps were awarded to twenty-five boys and girls in grades three to six for outstanding essays in kindness to animals. Over a hundred national kindness posters were given to the various schoolrooms. Hundreds of little Christmas calendars were sent to friends and newspapers.

All animal lovers in the State of Maine should rejoice in the activities of this fine Society.

The Birth of the Flowers

God spokel And from the arid scene
Sprang rich and verdant bowers,
Till all the earth was soft with green,—
He smiled; and there were flowers.

MARY MCNEILL FENELLOSA

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston Office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to which all communications should be addressed.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
ERIC H. HANSEN, Executive Vice-President
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant Editor

MAY, 1943

EDITORIALS

Colonel Leonard Noble

IN the death of Colonel Noble, the humane cause not only of England but really of the world has lost one of its widely-known and greatly-appreciated devoted friends.

For years he was a highly-regarded member of the Council of the Royal S.P.C.A., and ranked high as one of England's distinguished gentlemen. He was one of the ushers at the wedding of King George the Fifth at Westminster Abbey, for many years a personal friend of the present Queen Mother. During the former war he established a hospital at his own expense in France and maintained it until the close of the war. His estate, known as Harpsden Court, on the Thames, dated back to the twelfth century and, with its old buildings and attractive surroundings, was one of the delightful spots in the English countryside.

Even from Lebanon

A LETTER from the representative of our Humane Education Society in faraway Lebanon, Syria, tells of the same trouble there that we are meeting here and is characteristic the world over—difficulty of people finding proper food for their animals, the shortage of seeds for the future crops that are so needed. "Domestic animals," his letter says, "are being sold daily by many poor farmers due to lack of food, but," he continues, "it is good that the government has begun to sell poor farmers barley and other animal food at low prices, and were it not for the British people here, hundreds of people would have starved to death."

He reports for the current month, which was September, 12 horses, 12 donkeys, 9 dogs, 5 cats, 3 cows and one pigeon cared for as necessity demanded. Lost animals restored to their owners: 6 cows, 4 donkeys and 2 dogs. Animals humanely put to sleep: 3 horses, 2 asses and a camel.

This is the report of our correspondent, Mr. N. B. Matta.

Annual Meeting of Agents

THE war now engulfing the world has shown that mankind still has refused to accept the common teachings of kindness, justice and mercy, our agents were recently told at their annual meeting at Society headquarters in Boston.

The principal speakers were Dr. Francis H. Rowley, Society President, and Mr. Eric H. Hansen, Executive Vice-President, who both predicted that "all of us will have to participate more than ever before in humane education."

Agents from all sections of the Commonwealth discussed such problems as the protection of animals at stockyards, riding schools and rodeos, and how to remove sick and injured animals to hospitals by ambulance. Each agent spoke on an assigned topic covering the many phases of the work by the Society.

Dr. Munson at Springfield

Declaring that people do not realize that rationing is directed at protein, Dr. T. O. Munson of our Angell Memorial Hospital, told the monthly meeting of the Springfield Auxiliary that protein is by far the most important part of the diet of humans as well as dogs.

Speaking on the subject of "Animal Nutrition," Dr. Munson gave an interesting discussion of protein, outlining its values and showing that it replaces worn-out tissue protein and also promotes the building of new tissue in growth and production.

Boys and Slingshots

A Pasadena, California, paper of December 23rd, tells the most extraordinary incident of two eleven-year-old boys who admitted that with their slingshots, which happened to be very powerful ones, they "beamed" the engineer of the California Limited, knocking him from his seat and halting the Santa Fe train for ten minutes.

Slingshots, guns, revolvers in the hands of children are dangerous weapons, and the responsibility for the accidents is largely due to the failure of their parents to keep such weapons out of their hands.

The following letter of appreciation comes to hand from the Children's Hospital, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Dear Dr. Rowley:

Thank you from the depth of our hearts for your very kind letter advising us that the publication "*Our Dumb Animals*" is being sent to us through the kindness of your organization. We appreciate your thoughtfulness and your generosity more than we can say.

FRANCIS R. VAN BUREN,
Superintendent



Photo by Bachrach

New Editor

WE are pleased to announce that William A. Swallow has been appointed Editor of *Our Dumb Animals*, to succeed Guy Richardson, lately retired.

Mr. Swallow was graduated from Syracuse University, in 1929, where he majored in journalism, becoming editor of the college year book and a member of Zeta Psi, social fraternity.

In 1930, he joined the staff of the American Humane Association, Albany, New York, serving as Financial Secretary, Office Manager and, since 1939, Associate Editor of the *National Humane Review*.

During his thirteen years of humane work, Mr. Swallow has become thoroughly conversant with the aims and ideals of animal protective activities throughout the country and has appeared on programs of national and state conventions.

Articles by him have appeared in *The American Magazine* and *Safety Education, Conservation, Boys Life, Tailwagger Magazine, Hobbies Magazine*, and various newspapers throughout the country.

Another Dog Hero

The sagacity of an English bull dog who saved several lives when fire broke out in a business and residential block in Beverly, Mass., recently deserves more than a passing mention. On a late Saturday evening this alert and intelligent dog, named "Sergeant" and owned by Mrs. Burpee Carter, detected the smoke in its earliest stage and gave warning by scratching at the door of his mistress's apartment. The quick response of the firemen, undoubtedly averted heavy damages to property. We must give credit to quick-witted "Sergeant."



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
ERIC H. HANSEN, *Executive Vice-President*
ALBERT A. POLLARD, *Treasurer*
PEABODY, BROWN, ROWLEY & STOREY, *Counsel*
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Rest Farm for Horses and Small Animal Shelter, *Methuen*

W. W. HASWELL, *Superintendent*

Other Small Animal Shelters of M. S. P. C. A.

Boston, 170-184 Longwood Avenue
Springfield, 53-57 Bliss Street
Pittsfield, 224 Cheshire Road
Attleboro, 3 Commonwealth Avenue
Wenham, Cherry Street

MARCH REPORT OF THE OFFICERS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A., WITH HEADQUARTERS AT BOSTON, METHUEN, SPRINGFIELD, PITTSFIELD, ATTLEBORO, WENHAM, HYANNIS, WORCESTER, FITCHBURG, NORTHAMPTON, HAVERHILL, HOLYOKE, ATHOL, COVERING THE ENTIRE STATE.

Miles traveled by humane officers	14,115
Cases investigated	213
Animals examined	3,874
Animals placed in homes	235
Lost animals restored to owners	92
Number of prosecutions	2
Number of convictions	2
Horses taken from work	9
Horses humanely put to sleep	30
Small animals humanely put to sleep	1,671
Horse auctions attended	16

Stockyards and Abattoirs

Animals inspected	43,570
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	60

ANGELL MEMORIAL ANIMAL HOSPITAL

and Dispensary for Animals

184 Longwood Avenue, Telephone, Longwood 6100

Veterinarians

E. F. SCHROEDER, D.V.M., *Chief of Staff*

*G. B. SCHNELLE, V.M.D., *Asst. Chief*

R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D.

T. O. MUNSON, V.M.D.

C. L. BLAKELY, V.M.D.

*M. S. ARLEIN, D.V.M.

*L. H. SCAMMAN, D.V.M.

W. A. WILCOX, D.V.M.

R. L. LEIGHTON, V.M.D.

R. M. BARLOW, V.M.D.

N. L. GREINER, D.V.M.

HARRY L. ALLEN, *Superintendent*

Springfield Branch

Telephone 4-7355

53-57 Bliss Street, Springfield, Mass.

Veterinarians

A. R. EVANS, V.M.D. H. L. SMEAD, D.V.M.

*On leave of absence—military service

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR MARCH

At 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston

Cases entered in Hospital	855
Cases entered in Dispensary	1,723
Operations	315

At Springfield Branch, 53 Bliss Street

Cases entered in Hospital	163
Cases entered in Dispensary	659
Operations	92

At Attleboro Clinic, 3 Commonwealth Ave.

Cases entered	56
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Totals

Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, 1915	217,848
Dispensary cases	549,700
Total	767,548

Branches and Auxiliaries

MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

Northampton Branch of Mass. S. P. C. A.—WAYLAND L. BROWN, Pres.; MISS ELIZABETH A. FOSTER, Treas.

Great Barrington Branch of Mass. S. P. C. A.—MRS. ROBERT MAGRUDER, Pres.; MRS. DONALD WORTHINGTON, Treas.

Holyoke Branch of Mass. S. P. C. A.—AARON M. BACC, Pres.; BROOKS WHITE, Treas.

Springfield Branch Auxiliary—MRS. CARLTON H. GARINGER, Pres.; MRS. RICHARD A. BOOTH, Treas. second Thursday.

Winchester Branch Auxiliary—MRS. RICHARD S. TAYLOR, Pres.; MRS. JOHN HAMILTON CLARKE, Treas.

Boston Work Committee of Mass. S. P. C. A.—MRS. GEORGE D. COLPAS, Chairman.

Endowed stalls and kennels are needed in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Payments of thirty-five dollars for a kennel or seventy-five dollars for a stall will insure a suitable marker inscribed with donor's name. Terms of permanent endowment of free stalls and kennels will be given upon application to the Treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Veterinary Column

1. Question: It has become necessary to have our aged family pet put to sleep, and I should like to know the most humane method of doing this.

Answer: There are different methods of euthanasia, but the easiest seems to be the injection of an overdose of an anesthetic. The drug of choice is nembutal, or pentobarbital sodium, and when it is introduced directly into the vein, its action takes place promptly and painlessly. Gas is frequently used, and chloroform is widely used for small animals and birds. Some veterinarians have induced immediate death by means of an electric shock, but this method is not often employed. Strychnine is not to be recommended, as its action is more violent than the above-mentioned agents.

2. Question: My cat frequently shakes his head and scratches at his ears. Upon examining him, I discovered that his ears are filled with a dark sticky material, and seem to pain him. What can be done for this condition?

Answer: Your cat is troubled by ear mites, a form of mange affecting the ear canal. If it is not treated promptly, it may result in serious consequences. The ears must be thoroughly cleaned at frequent intervals and properly treated. It is advisable to have the cat taken care of by your veterinarian.

3. Question: My six-months-old puppy is constantly scratching. Her skin appears dry and scaly, and in spots is denuded of hair. The legs and head seem to be especially affected, although lately the condition has spread to other parts of the body. Our neighbor's dog was destroyed a month ago following a similar condition. We should like to save our puppy if possible, and would like to know if there is any treatment for this difficulty.

Answer: Your dog is suffering from sarcoptic mange, which is caused by a microscopic mite which burrows into the skin and causes irritation. She undoubtedly contracted this disease from your neighbor's dog, as it is easily spread from one animal to another. It is often stubborn to treat, requiring medicinal applications over an extended period of time, especially in advanced cases. Sulfur is the most commonly used drug for treatment, although every veterinarian has his own preferred mixture. This condition is sometimes communicated to humans, and precautions should be taken in handling the dog. It is advisable to consult your veterinarian for a confirmed diagnosis and instructions regarding treatment and care of the animal.

R. M. B., Veterinary Dept.
Angell Animal Hospital



Founded by Geo. T. Angell Incorporated 1889
For rates of membership in both of our Societies see page 99. Checks should be made payable to Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

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Mrs. James D. Burton, Harriman, Tennessee
Mrs. Florida L. Byrne, Tacoma, Washington
Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee, Atlanta, Georgia
Rev. Dr. F. Rivers Barnwell, Fort Worth, Texas
Rev. John W. Lemon, Ark, Virginia
Miss Lucia F. Gilbert, Boston, Massachusetts
Rev. R. E. Griffith, De Land, Florida

Field Representative
Dr. Wm. F. H. Wentzel, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

SUMMARY OF ACTIVITIES OF FIELD WORKERS FOR MARCH, 1943

Number of Bands of Mercy formed, 252
Number of addresses made, 173
Number of persons in audiences, 20,467

Gifts for Retired Workers

WE are receiving gifts to the American Humane Education Society as a trust fund, the interest to be used for the benefit of field missionaries and others who have spent their lives in promoting humane education. Already several cases have come to our attention and are being relieved in this way. We will welcome your contribution to this fund.

Please make checks payable to Albert A. Pollard, Treasurer, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, and specify that the amount contributed is for the Humane Education Trust Fund.

Please remember the American Humane Education Society in your will.

A Bear Trainer Penalized

THE State of Maine has a statute which prohibits the exhibition of bears. The act is punishable by a fine of twenty dollars or imprisonment for thirty days. Recently a bear was exhibited in one of Portland's theaters by an itinerant exploiter who was summoned into court on complaint of Ex-Governor Percival P. Baxter. He pleaded guilty and was fined \$20.

The defendant also pleaded that the bear was his "bread and butter" and that the animal had been insured for \$60,000, and that he had found kindness more effective than cruelty in the training of bears. The former Governor in a letter to the press used these words anent the case:

"No matter what plausible excuses are given, the training of such an animal invokes the greatest cruelty. Moreover, the life such a poor creature lives is unnatural. Traveling from town to town in a cage, led about the streets with a ring in the soft, delicate nose, makes his life unbearable.

"Kind-hearted people who attend a theater where such acts are given should get up and leave the theater and protest to the management."

Thanks for Literature

From the Lend a Hand Society, Boston, we are in receipt of the following in connection with an acknowledgment of copies of *Our Dumb Animals* sent for free distribution:

You may be interested to know that we recently had a special request from the teacher of a small colored school in Virginia for humane material. She wanted to form a Band of Mercy as she had done when in another school. We doubt if she would have received this literature in any other way and think the Band may have a very good influence in the whole vicinity.

Sincerely yours,
MARY C. HAZARD
Executive Secretary

American Fondouk, Fez

Report for January, 1943

Daily average large animals:	25
Daily average dogs:	8
Animals put to sleep:	5
Entries:	9 horses, 8 mules, 75 donkeys
Exits:	10 horses, 4 mules, 53 donkeys
Out-patients:	273 horses, 90 mules, 338 donkeys, 1 dog, 1 cat
Fondouks visited	424
Animals inspected	7,172
Animals treated	644
Animals sent in	134
Pack-saddles destroyed	5
Arab-bits destroyed	3
Animals sent by Police Dept.	7
Transported to Hospital	1

Amount of our expenses for this month: \$254.82.

GUY DELON
Superintendent

Wraith of the Night

CALVIN W. WALKER

SOMETIMES, when the moon is full and the night is filled with its shadows, I remember a short stretch of sandy shore on the fringe of a maple woodland. I remember it with a twinge of poignant memory, clearly, as if it were yesterday. Perhaps, because of the everpresent horrors of today, it seems all the more peaceful; a momentary refuge in a world torn with unbelievable cruelty.

The moonlight was soft there, among the trees, like pools of silver. The air, fragrant with sweet fern and cedar, scarcely rippled a leaf. Peace lay in the forest and on the shady curve of the beach and over the fields, ripe for mowing, in the valley beyond. And there, late one night, as the first rays of the moon painted the spire of a Lombardy poplar on my bedroom floor, the peaceful silence was suddenly broken. It came up out of the forest depths, clearly, disturbing sleep. For a moment I listened to it, strangely thrilled, the decalcomania on the floor growing gradually shorter. For the first time I heard the sharp, high-pitched bark of a red fox; a bark not unlike the yap of some small dog.

Dressing quickly I went out into the night. Hoping to catch a glimpse of him I followed his elusive yapping. For over an hour he led me through the lightless paths under the great maples, along the sanded, moon-bathed shores of the lake and even across the silver-filmed uncut fields. But always he was just ahead, his wild beauty a noisy phantom, his small wraith-like figure dissolving into a bit of alder or a gnarled stump or a protruding ledge. But I was happy to have heard him anyway. There was pleasure in knowing that, in all that wild, peaceful beauty surrounding me, there was a creature able to share it.

For a week he shared my domain; shared the moonlight and the great trees and the beach with its clean sand and the fields rich in timothy. And, although I followed him every night, he remained as elusive as ever, his high-pitched yapping all that he would reveal.

As suddenly as he had come he vanished. With the waning of the moon he took to other fields. The Lombardy spire went out of my bedroom, the pools of silver dried up on the forest floor, the fields turned drab in their ripening glory and the gray beach vanished in the water's depths. Then, too, I awoke no more in the night time, and that strange lovely world was left to itself once more.

WHEN we lack the society of our fellow men, we take refuge in that of animals without always losing by the change.
FABRE

The Robins

William H. Hudnut

The robins came when it was night
Unwearied by their migrant flight.
I see them flirting as they pass
With whirling wings along the grass.
They perch upon a limb and sing,
They are sweet harbingers of spring.
I need their Cheer-up Cheery song
For which I've waited over-long.
I'm wearied now with Winter's gloom
And wish that Spring would start her loom
And weave the mystic harmonies
Of song and color in the trees,
And frozen dirt would life affirm
And yield the robin up his worm.

"White Chickens" of the North

W. J. BANKS

THE myth, or propaganda, often heard among gun-wielders that Indians or Eskimo in the Far North are largely responsible for the depletion of game birds, can be disproved by the example of the ptarmigan. This "white chicken," the Arctic's only grouse, is virtually the sole feathered meat supply during the long winter. White and native residents alike regard him with a friendly eye; for on a long journey or in camp, when all other game fails, he may be a real life-saver. Yet the ptarmigan shows no sign of decimation, and except for minor fluctuations is expected to maintain his range and numbers for many years to come.

The main reason for this happy state of affairs is that most ptarmigan do not migrate far enough southward to be slaughtered for "sport" in large numbers. The average Indian or Eskimo is not a hunter for that perverted purpose. He kills to live, but he has no ammunition to waste on small returns, except in emergency. Though the scattered Arctic and sub-Arctic population by necessity may wreak temporary havoc upon the wild life near a settlement, it has little effect upon the prolific and widespread grouse of the north.

In the ptarmigan, nature has developed her camouflage highly. Snow-white winter plumage covers even legs and feet in the most northerly races. The brown summer dress comes slowly as the snow melts, each bird presenting its unique pied or mottled pattern during transition. The male bird stands guard while his mate nests on the ground. He warns her when danger approaches, so that she has time to fly up well in advance, and few nests are found except by pure accident. Then, the hen remains motionless and nearly invisible until almost stepped upon.

Some races of ptarmigan range into the Rocky Mountains, where the accompanying picture was taken in Banff National Park.

Henry Thoreau: Our American Saint Francis

WALTER HARDING

HENRY DAVID THOREAU of Walden fame was a true lover of our dumb animals. Living in Concord, Massachusetts in the mid-nineteenth century, he never adopted a regular profession, preferring to spend his time in enjoying life to the core, and earning what little money he needed in his simple life by lecturing, writing and surveying. The greater part of each day he spent out in the woods and fields and on the rivers and ponds of his native town observing nature and mankind. He carried no gun to shoot his specimens, but said that he could learn more from a live animal than a dead one and that he would rather hold a bird in his affections than in his hand.

He spent hours playing with the family kittens and although he had no dog of his own, he welcomed his friends' dogs as companions on his afternoon walks. Horses and cows and even the poultry too aroused his interest and he felt deeply for them whenever they were mistreated by mankind. Much ahead of his day, he decried the practice of docking horses' tails depriving them of protection from the summertime insects. He termed his neighbor a slave master for forcing his horse to work the day long in a treadmill. He spoke harshly of those who overloaded their draft animals.

Ah, but Thoreau did more than talk and complain. No one could take him to task for preaching and not practicing. He conducted a campaign against those who insisted on using the cruel steel traps when catching animals. When a woodchuck persisted in nibbling at his Walden bean garden, he caught the offender in a humane box-trap and, instead of killing it, carried it off to a new field, far enough away so it would not wander back to feed on his garden.

One day, on his walk, he noticed a little star-nosed mole which had fallen into an abandoned cellar-hole. The floor was packed and the poor creature was unable to tunnel back into the earth for food and protection. Thoreau stopped and climbed down into the hole to carry the mole to freshly plowed ground where it could burrow to its heart's content.

The stories of Thoreau's kindness to animals could be narrated indefinitely. Little wonder that the wild life responded to his gentleness and he was able to observe them as have few others. His influence over them seems almost supernatural now when we look back upon it. He could pick fish out of the river, stroke them, and return them to the water. At his Walden Pond cabin he had the mice tamed to eat out of his hand and the rabbits to nest beneath his floor. Woodchucks in the field permitted him to turn them over and rub their stomachs. And he felt it a special honor to once have had a chickadee alight on his shoulder.

Today, even more than in his own day, kindly people are turning to the writings and exemplary life of Henry Thoreau for the inspiration to live the gentle life of happy relations with their fellow man and their animal neighbors. It is well that he has been called by many "our American Saint Francis."

Dyed Chicks Banned

The practice of dyeing chicks and rabbits, prevalent during the Easter season, was prohibited in Sioux City, Iowa, by the adoption of a city ordinance in March. The penalty of a fine up to \$50 or a sentence of 15 days in jail was imposed. Credit for this humane action was due to the strenuous efforts of Mrs. M. W. Baldwin, executive director of the Sioux City Humane Society.



PTARMIGAN—GROUSE OF THE NORTH

Your Child Isn't Really Cruel

E. R. JACOBS

I HAVE often been astonished at the cruelty of children from "good" homes, and, I must confess, irritated at the parents who seem so surprised by it and so unable to correct it. "I don't understand what makes Tommy hurt his kitty so—we're going to have to give it away," and "Mary is SO rough with her puppy—I don't know what to do or think," are typical remarks.

When a little niece came to stay with us, I learned very suddenly the reason in Nancy's case for the cruelty, and wonder if it isn't the reason animal lovers usually must wince at the sight of the poor things being yanked and pulled and pinched and jerked at the hands of small children. It's simply that the child has been accustomed only to the stuffed toy animals, and is suddenly given a live pet with the mere injunction "Be good to the puppy" or whatever it is. That is a generalization not understood by the average small child.

He has punched the toy dog hard in the ribs and been rewarded by a fascinating growl, and perhaps the laughter of his parents. He has carried the yellow horse by its protruding flannel tongue and excited only wise-cracks from the adored young visiting uncle. He has prodded the toy rubber pig, and had its soft sides recede and expand enchantingly.

When Nancy came to us, she actually had a stuffed cat, a beautiful, furry toy which meowed realistically when she pulled its tail. Was it any marvel—or Nancy's fault—that her response was to pull our pet Persian's tail when she was introduced to him? He is old and unaccustomed to children; his instant reaction was to claw her thoroughly. I shall never forget her astonished little face, and I felt suddenly I had a revelation as to a great deal of the so-called cruelty of children. Nancy had simply never been told that it hurts the cat to pull its tail. We talked about the matter a little, and it was only a short while until she was handling the cat properly, and remonstrating with other children whom she saw mistreating animals. She and I are both becoming very successful missionaries on the subject, and it is really amazing how many parents have acknowledged that they merely told the child to be "good" to animals, and perhaps punished it when it wasn't, without ever having explained to small children just what they really meant. They have taken too much for granted about what the child understood by the command to "be good" to the animal.

I've felt that I've been a friend to the children in the process, too. For children also are little animals, and, while



THE COMPANION OF ROYALTY

not dumb, even the brightest of them are more inarticulate than we often realize, and are quite as defenseless in the hands of thoughtless adults as real animals.

Watch the children, your own and your neighbors', and be sure they're not confusing real dumb animals with stuffed ones. It will take only a very little of your time and energy, and you will have done a truly good turn to all concerned.

The Original "Gas Attack"

L. E. EUBANKS

SOME people may think that the gas attack is very modern in warfare but the skunk has it in very high development and has been using it for generations. Here is an animal that apparently knows its power of defense, so is very deliberate in movement, not easily frightened; it seems to realize that most animals will try to avoid it.

When attacked, the secretion which it is able to expel with considerable force and accuracy has one of the most disagreeable and persistent odors known. For this reason, skunks have a bad reputation and are often killed at sight.

It is true that they occasionally break into chicken coops, as do many wild animals when hungry, but, on the whole, skunks prefer to keep out of sight of human beings. If allowed to live undisturbed, they are very active in the destruction of insects, worms, snakes and rodents. In this way they are far more valuable to farmers than is generally supposed. Unless they take up residence too near a human dwelling, or become robbers, they are well worth protecting.

My Cat

Dorothy Rogers Old

*He purrs, he sings,
He plays with strings,
He seems to sleep a lot.
He catches mice,
Which is not nice,
But then, they should be caught.*

*He makes a date,
He stays out late
And courts his lady fair,
He yowls all night,
Which is not right,
But then, he does not care.*

*He scratches you,
He will bite too,
He never shows regret,
When called to come
He acts quite dumb,
But still, he is my pet.*

Interesting Cat Facts

ALAN A. BROWN

A SWISS artist named Gottfried Mind painted cats so well he was known as the "cat Raphael."

The life expectancy of a cat averages about ten years. However, a cat oddly named Mr. Nathaniel Winkle, who attracted wide interest back in 1928 when he had a leg amputated, lived to the ripe old age of 20 years and 6 months.

We all know the famous story about Dick Whittington and his cat which, legend says, made him three times Lord Mayor of London. In Los Angeles, a commercial photographer with the same name capitalizes on the legend by adopting a cat as his trademark.

In Thailand (Siam), the Royal cat has almost as many attendants as the Queen, besides a corps of priests to wait upon it.

An Arabian legend maintains that the first cat was sneezed from the nostril of a lion when Noah was selecting animals for the Ark.

As public servants cats were employed in the early part of the last century to keep rodents from destroying mail in U. S. post offices. Postmasters were provided with a special allotment for food for the cats.

The "black cat" superstition dates from the Middle Ages, when it was believed the Devil dressed like a black cat to gain control of his victims. Russian country folk still believe black cats become devils when seven years of age. In Scotland, however, black cats are believed to bring good luck.

Other superstitions about black cats include the belief in England, that black cats bring lovers to young girls.

Poems have been written to cats as far back as the ninth century.



SPEAKING OF MASCOTS—HERE IS A 175-POUND GREAT DANE PRESENTED BY DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, PRESIDENT OF THE MASSACHUSETTS S.P.C.A., TO PRIVATE WALTER H. FITZGIBBON OF THE 321st FIGHTER SQUADRON AT WESTOVER FIELD, CHICOPEE, MASS. WITH PRIVATE FITZGIBBON IS LIEUT. RISSIE LINCOLN OF THE WAAC, WHO HELPED HIM MAKE THE CHOICE

The Story of Hawk Mountain

World's First Sanctuary for the Birds of Prey

KENNETH D. MORRISON

HAWK MOUNTAIN is in Pennsylvania, yet residents of every State in the Union are members of the Hawk Mountain Sanctuary Association, which has leased a good-sized mountain of the Kittatinny chain to serve as the first sanctuary in the world established primarily for the birds of prey.

Prior to 1934, hunters in the vicinity of Dreherstown, Pennsylvania, made a trek each fall to a nearby mountain that was part of a "bottleneck" in the Kittatinny ridge. From the summit, the gunners blazed away week in and week out during the autumn migrations at the tens of thousands of hawks that came down the mountain flyway. The place was a shambles. The stench of decaying hawks and the weak cries of wounded and dying birds penetrated the surrounding countryside.

For several years various organizations passed resolutions against the wholesale slaughter of hawks on this particular mountain, but nothing was

done about it until Mrs. C. N. Edge, militant New York conservationist, got wind of the situation. She quietly leased Hawk Mountain and proclaimed it a sanctuary. A custodian was engaged whose chief duty was to keep a small army of loud-squawking hawk hunters off the property. They held indignation meetings in nearby towns and did everything possible to break Mrs. Edge's lease, but without success.

Word that a "hawk sanctuary" had been established in Pennsylvania soon spread over the country. Bird enthusiasts came from distant states to see the spectacular flights of hawks that could be observed from the mountain. It didn't take Dreherstown and the surrounding communities long to realize that Hawk Mountain was a tourist attraction. Dead hawks had never brought any revenue into the area and many of the residents had long felt that the cruelty practiced on the mountain was a disgrace to the community. Now there is a "Hawk

Hope Springs Eternal

George H. Sweetnam

There'll be blossoms just the same
In the spring.
There'll be songbirds from the south
With our winter birds to sing,
There'll be music from the frogs,—
Harps so sweet of green and gold,—
Harbingers from yonder bogs,
Just the same as days of old.

There'll be peace when God ordains
Some fair spring,
When the world will know His Truth—
All His praise and glory sing.
There'll be fixed in every heart
Filial love for all mankind,
Each to play his chosen part,—
Wars and bloodshed left behind.

Mountain Filling Station" and a "Hawk Mountain Grocery" in Dreherstown. Curator Maurice Broun reports that among the 22,000 people who visited Hawk Mountain last fall were many men who formerly had come to shoot hawks but who, because of the educational work that has been done by the Association in nearby towns by means of motion pictures, lectures and leaflets, now come to marvel at the graceful flight of the hawks and to compare notes with other visitors as to the number of species observed. One day last autumn more than 4,000 hawks were counted from the lookout point between sunrise and sunset.

"How does it happen," some visitors ask, "that your Hawk Mountain Sanctuary Association has members in all parts of the country — many of whom will never be able to visit the sanctuary?" Mr. Broun replies that conservationists in every state regard Hawk Mountain as a symbol of the changing attitude toward the birds of prey. He points out that scientific studies of the food habits of hawks have indicated that the great majority of them are beneficial to men's interests—that they destroy large numbers of rodents and insects and have a function to perform in removing the injured and diseased birds and animals from the fields and woodlands.

The Hawk Mountain Sanctuary Association, which has a modest one-room headquarters at 734 Lexington Avenue, New York City, reports that the roster of visitors at Hawk Mountain last year included people from 40 states and 10 foreign countries. Every autumn Minnesotans and Tennesseans stand side-by-side with observers from West Virginia and Connecticut, watching hawks and eagles spiral past into the blue haze of the Appalachians. Yes, times have changed, all right. The old fellow who used to say "the only good hawk is a dead hawk" would get quite a shock if he visited Hawk Mountain.

The Musical White-Throats

GLADYS JORDAN

CLEAR, sweet and plaintive through the dusk of evening comes the indescribably beautiful song of the white-throated sparrow. First loud and clear, as though seeking an audience, it soon falls rapidly into a fade-a-way melody that haunts one long afterward.

It is one of the birds that delights in dark and cloudy days and ever its song grows into a weird chant as the storm clouds gather. It often sings at night and has thus gained the name of "Night-ingle" in many localities.

This bird is a favorite with all good New Englanders. It arrives in Massachusetts the last of April and after a brief stay it travels up to Maine. There, about the second week in May it builds a nest of fine grasses, twigs and mosses and carefully lines it with even finer grass or hair-like roots. The nest is usually found on the ground, which has often been hollowed out for it, and safely hidden under a low bush. The eggs, four in number, are grayish-white with spots of brown or lilac.

These birds are found in fields, pastures, orchards and forests. A pair had their nest in an orchard close to the writer's home one summer and every evening its sweet song came like "vesspers" through the twilight. One and all we listened for the white-throat's solo as evening approached. And I have waked to hear it in the night, sweet and clear and true, like a promise of a glad tomorrow.

The white-throated sparrow is friendly and sociable and easily recognized by its white throat. It has two black stripes on its crown, separated by a narrow white stripe, and a broad black streak on the side of the head behind the eyes. Edge of wing and axillaries yellow, upper parts shaded brown with two narrow

white bands across the wing coverts. Yet, even though these birds are abundant, they are often known only by their song.

These birds are of great value to the farmers as they live on insects that endanger crops. In fact they are so valuable that laws have been passed for their protection in all the states where they are found. They seem ever busy scratching about on the ground for fallen seeds. In the fall of the year they collect seeds of dried berries that have fallen from the trees and consume millions of weed seeds that would otherwise overrun the farmers' cultivated fields and destroy crops.

The white-throats' breeding ground extends from the northern part of the United States to Labrador and the Hudson Bay country. Late in the fall, they start in companies for their winter homes in the southern half of the United States, but they often remain as far north as New Jersey or Ohio if the winter is not too severe.

The white-throated sparrow is considered not only the handsomest of all native sparrows, but by those who love music, the sweetest singer of them all. In its song are heard notes that conform closely to the musical scale and it seems to carry an under-note of plaintiveness seldom heard from our feathered songsters. Quite different is its call and alarm note, which is a sort of metallic chirp.

Those who cultivate the acquaintance of the white-throat, especially the farmers, are well repaid for their trouble. They help to brighten the darkest day; they help save and increase the crops; they teach one thrift and industry and they bring us music by day and by night.



WHITE-THROATED SPARROW OR PEABODY BIRD

Starling Rendezvous

ALVIN M. PETERSON

STARLINGS are much more numerous in this neighborhood than they were twenty years ago, when they were rare or absent entirely. Now, there are so many of them that they threaten other birds that nest in holes in trees, woodpeckers especially.

Starlings are very musical and interesting when nesting, chuckling, whistling, chattering and making queer clicking notes with their beaks. Many and varied are their notes, for this bird is an expert mocker, and you are likely to hear him imitating the calls and songs of such birds as the bluebird, robin, redwing, catbird, meadowlark, bob-white and others.

A large black oak stands about forty rods distant, near a brushy hedge or windbreak—composed of lilacs, tartarian honeysuckles, oaks, elms and maples—and an old cellar hole. The lower trunk and branches of the tree are alive but the top is dead and bare. This oak is a favorite rendezvous for countless birds and at almost any time of the day, you are likely to see birds perching in its top—robins, jays, bluebirds, redwings, grackles, crows, hawks and many more. It also is a favorite meeting place for all the starlings for some distance around. Strangely enough, it is especially popular with the starlings towards night.

Along about sundown starlings begin to congregate in its top. The number grows and grows until the top is full of birds. Groups may leave the old tree and fly to some neighboring trees, or descend to the ground in a nearby field, but they always return to the bare top and rejoin their fellows before the evening is over.

By and by, as night draws near, companies of the birds depart, pass us, fly southwestward and disappear down the Mississippi Valley. Other groups also leave and still others, sometimes one, two or three birds, again as many as twenty or more, until only a few are left. Soon the stragglers fly off also and the top looks gaunt and deserted once more.

I counted the birds and found there were about 150 of them. I also noted the size of the various groups as they departed, hoping to learn that the various groups were of about the same size night after night and that family or other ties kept them together. However, I found that not only did the total number of birds vary from night to night but also that there did not seem to be any similarity between the various groups or parties as they departed.

Please remember the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. when making your will.

The Band of Mercy or Junior Humane League

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
ERIC H. HANSEN, Executive Vice-President

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Two hundred and fifty-eight new Bands of Mercy were organized during March. These were distributed as follows:—

New Hampshire	92
Georgia	67
Virginia	46
Florida	30
New York	11
Pennsylvania	10
New Mexico	1
North Carolina	1

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent-American Society, 265,931.

The Wisest of Owls

WILLIS MEHANNA

THE great horned owl is the largest and most combative of the owl tribe. His voice is deeper than that of the barred, or hoot owl though somewhat resembling it. The barred or hoot owl puts a long-drawn *ah* at the end of each succession of *whoos* while the great horned owl utters *whoos* only.

Horned owls nest early, sometimes before cold weather is over. They will often make their home in the abandoned nest of a hawk or crow and usually three white eggs are laid. This owl is easily recognized by his great size and feathery tufts of horns.

The horned owl, known as the "tiger among birds," is an inhabitant of the deep woods but has been known to nest in other places. One winter a neighbor of mine had a large barn filled with hay which he did not use during the winter and was surprised in the spring to find that a pair of horned owls had nested high up on the hay and the little ones were almost big enough to fly before he discovered them. He did not molest them since they did not bother his poultry that he knew of but were hard on the mice and rats. Though fierce and savage and not caring much for humans the horned owl is valuable to the farmer.



PATRICIA, HARTLEY, CHARLES AND PAUL, GRANDCHILDREN OF MRS. MARVIN J. MUNROE, OF EAST NATICK, MASS., WHO WANTS THEM TO "UNDERSTAND ANIMALS"

Studies in Bird Life

WILBERT N. SAVAGE

DO you know that the duck-hawk can "power-dive" on its prey at a speed of more than 200 miles per hour? This sleek little feathered creature has very powerful wing muscles, and he is recognized by the best bird authorities as the speed king of the bird world.

Do you know that the Holboell's grebe, a goose-like bird, actually builds and anchors a tiny floating raft, on which it builds its nest? Dead reeds and other vegetation are woven together into a peculiar water-tight "island" that holds the nest sufficiently elevated to keep the eggs dry throughout the nesting season. Ingenuity of this clever bird has long amazed students of wildlife.

Do you know that the ancient belief in the wisdom of owls originated in Greece? Romans believed also that the owl was endowed with a special sort of intellect, as did many of our American Indians. On the other hand, natives of some countries associate owls with night-flying witches, and give them an unsavory reputation.

Do you know that around the peacock revolves many ancient and humorous myths? In days of chivalry a special feast-dish was the roast peacock served up garnished with all its gaudy plumage! Solemn promises were sometimes made "on the peacock."

Do you know that in England, up to the time of Queen Elizabeth, no subject was allowed possession of a swan without a special permit or license from the Crown? The swan still retains the title "Royal Bird," perhaps because of the dignity and gracefulness of its appearance.

Busy Brown Beavers

EFFIE BUTLER

CANADIAN wildwood beavers are doing an effective war saving job.

Yes, these canny engineers of the animal kingdom are now being employed by the Manitoba government to assist the conservation specialists in raising the water levels in selected areas for the rehabilitation of the muskrat.

Beaver colonies, numbering from eight to twenty beavers, have been placed in suitable beaver habitat. Happy, indeed, are these energetic creatures if they can find a narrow stream bed through which a slowly moving current runs. Straightway they proceed to build their lodges and construct a dam which deeply floods the surrounding territory—all free of charge to the government save for the salary of the guardian in charge.

With the higher water table this beaver marsh land becomes more and more attractive to the muskrat, that valuable animal that contributes so much to the fur industry.

Last year a small contingent of beaver was deposited on the grounds intended for a muskrat ranch. Later it was learned they explored two rivers of eleven miles and six miles but returned unsatisfied. Lastly they ventured up a creek where, to their animal intuition, they found the right site and proceeded to build a dam.

No wonder the game officials hastened back to civilization to tell their amazing tale. The beavers had chosen the exact site for their dam that the water development engineers had marked for the construction of a dam to raise the water for this fur rehabilitation project. What a saving in these stringent war days!

CHILDREN'S PAGE



Boy and Dog Comradeship

EDWARD L. VAN DYKE

DRAWN together by mutual ties of affection are Billy Perry, 12, above, of Elmira, N. Y., and his two dog friends, "Alex," giant St. Bernard and "Skippy," much smaller dog of poodle blood.

Skippy has a mischievous habit of playing with her huge four-legged friend, then hiding beneath his stomach, while Alex looks about in bewilderment.

Alex, though still a puppy, weighs around 100 pounds. Billy and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Perry, are particularly fond of him.

"We love him," admits Mrs. Perry, "as you would love a lovable person." So no one begrudges Alex's good appetite — he eats three shredded biscuits and a quart of milk in the morning and a quart of prepared dog food at night.

Beaver at Work

LOUISE DARCY

*The beaver gnaws the saplings down
Beside the rushing brook,
A busy, furry engineer;
He cannot stop to look*

*At woodland scene around him there;
He hurries to and fro,
Carrying mud and sticks of wood
To make a dam, you know.*

*The beaver works with his broad tail
As busy as can be
While I sit still and watch him work.
What will he think of me?*

Animal Love

JOHN H. JOLLIEF

ANIMALS show a love for their babies just as our parents show a love for us. The monkey mother usually carries her baby in her arms until it is old enough to learn to grasp its mother's fur tightly, thus leaving her free to run and climb from danger. The mother zebra—the animal that looks like a horse, except for its stripes—won't let her baby get out of her sight. The baby kangaroo rides in its mother's pouch underneath her powerful rear legs until it is six months old. In time of extreme danger the mother picks up her baby with her forepaws and tucks it into the pouch before seeking safety in flight. The baby giraffe makes a noise resembling the cry of a young calf so its mother hides it from danger and feeds it secretly. Lions bring food to their little ones from the forest when the babies are old enough to bite and feed themselves. Parent animals will fight fiercely to protect their young. No animal is so dangerous to human beings as the parent animal in protecting the young from possible harm. We may learn much about animal love simply by studying and observing how the parents take care of their babies.

How Many Reptiles?

ALFRED I. TOOKE

SEE how many names of reptiles you can spell out in the diagram, moving one square at a time, but not using the same square twice in any one name.

If you do not get an even dozen, see the answers on this page next month.

N	I	V	A	L	L
R	E	P	N	U	I
W	D	T	A	G	F
T	F	D	O	R	R
A	E	L	T	U	E
K	N	S	I	O	T

"Pete"

L. N. KILMAN

PETE," a park squirrel, is well known in our neighborhood because of his size and willingness to fight. One afternoon I saw him moving across a neighbor's lawn. A cat was stalking him. Fascinated I watched what really could be a game of life and death. The squirrel had scurried onto the base of an elm with the cat in swift pursuit, perhaps a hundredth of a second too late. Once on the tree trunk, about three feet up, Pete spun himself upside down the better to view his dangerous playmate. So still were the two animals, they might have been frozen. Then e-v-e-r s-o s-l-o-w-l-y the cat inched forward. Chattering and flirting his handsome brush, the squirrel moved a bit nearer to tantalize his sleek enemy. Now, Pete did an unprecedented thing: he leaped boldly onto the grass and actually approached to within three impudent feet of that cat. For a fleeting moment Pete thus challenged his big antagonist; then, faster than the eye itself, was back in the tree. The cat had not moved.

Last fall when the trees were bare, I saw Pete coming along via the elms. These, originally planted too close together, make it possible for a nimble squirrel to traverse the block without touching ground. It was interesting to see Pete run out on a limb that looked right but sometimes swerved unexpectedly. Sometimes Pete would find himself several feet from anything on the contiguous elm that looked stout enough. Here he would pause, studying the situation; then hustle back for another limb. During this arboreal travel I witnessed near-disaster: down would go the cluster of branches, and Pete, swaying desperately, his body curled into a tight ball, would finally work himself back to safety. My best opportunity for a camera shot of Pete's leaps came when he turned the corner where the trees are far apart. Here it was that the squirrel did his most thrilling leap.

There are some who regard the park squirrels as a nuisance: they cut up lawns and chew up things in the attics. But the entertainment they afford most of us surely justifies their existence. For the urban squirrel that existence is not too easy. He must be on the constant watch for cats and dogs, and of course misses the hollow trees that his country cousin utilizes for nest purposes. Well might the city fathers furnish adequate refuges for the little chap who has elected



"PETE," ENJOYING A LUNCH

to join up with a civilization that greets him with automobiles to kill him and foresters to pour concrete into tree hollows.

Squirrel Monologue

Gerhard Friedrich

*I like the autumn best,
With acorns on the ground,
And leisure in my nest,
And color all around.*

*At other times my lot
Is grievous to behold.
The summers are too hot,
The winters are too cold.*

*In spring I find my rest
Disturbed by warbling sounds.
I like the autumn best,
With acorns on the ground.*

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* * * *

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The Massachusetts S. P. C. A., or the American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

The management of our invested funds is a guarantee of the security of these Life Annuities.

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston Office: 180 Longwood Avenue. Address all communications to Boston.

TERMS

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